

Too proud to be an equal with the rest,
He stands aloof, yet stoops to be caressed ;
Whom wine and brandy only will inspire ;
And feathers please and praises set on fire ;
For fools are tempted by what men dispise,
And wine and feathers is their paradise,
And he does ever over toys explode,
Forchildish folly still has her abode
In the resounding cavities of his great skull,
That never were with brains, nor ever will be full.

Like some immortal geni of the skies,
He views his glory and exulting cries:
"These are my realms and my subjects these !
Each yields its fruit and each its powers to please !
Obedient at my call from every hand,
Praise follows praise, and wealth, at my command !"

Imagining all see him on the shelf
On which pride has revealed him to himself,
His heart swells up and as his eyes survey,
He grows majestic and he soars away ;
Beyond his equals and the foppling race,
For—fools will never learn to keep their place.
Still soaring on, leaves honest men behind,
And stands alone above all human kind.
Proud of himself, as peacocks always are,
He grows still prouder as he looks afar ;
And, o'er delighted, is by frenzy seized,
For—fools go mad while men are only pleased.
On earth indignantly he turns his eye ;
A puddle tempts him with a gaudy fly ;
His eye grows brighter and, his place forgot,
The painted fly alone, is all that's sought ;
And drunk as well, comes tumbling down and chattering,
Around him all his filthy slobbers scattering ;
And lies with wounded pride and dirty face,
While friends surround lamenting his disgrace.
So fall their hopes when judging by the coat:
They cried an angel—'twas an ass afloat.